THE New Republic

The Djilas Trial—
An Open Letter
To Tito

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Compulsory Auto Insurance?

BY EDWARD T. CHASE

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What Obsesses the Arabs . . . *H. A. R. Philby*
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The Passionate Skeptic . . . . *R. A. Scott-James*

Osborn
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OCTOBER 7, 1957

25 cents

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Washington Wire

From Appomatox to Newport

WHAT HAPPENED at Little Rock diminished us all. Though we protest, we are made smaller. Least concerned of any, it may be, are the Little Rock Central High students themselves—the few Negroes, stoically heroic; the many whites (so far as one can judge), largely indifferent. It is the adults who breathe the poison.

Eisenhower in his first broadcast missed the point. He said he intervened because of "anarchy" and "mob rule" when of course he intervened because a state Governor used troops first—to defy judicial power. It was Faubus who created the mob, not the mob, Faubus. Eisenhower fogged the issue, at least until he made his reply to Senator Russell. Presumably he will stress the real point with the Southern Governors here. He left many in the South thinking it was he who precipitated the crisis when, of course, it was Faubus who first picked up the sword and would have repealed Appomatox.

Eisenhower didn't mention Faubus by name on TV because he will not deal with "personalities." He once angrily said he would "not get into the gutter" with McCarthy. Faubus is a slick Southern McCarthy in whose mind, we imagine, Freud would be interested, judging by his preoccupation with reports of alleged (and false) molestation of "teen-aged school girls" by wicked troops.

We sighed with relief when Eisenhower finally spoke. Honestly, we had feared he would not act at all! Is it moral flabbiness, or does Eisenhower lack, as somebody has said, an adequate consciousness of the existence of evil? He assumed the good faith of the Communist leaders at Geneva. Now at Newport, he has assumed the good faith of Faubus' half-promises to abide by the court's orders.

Nixon would have done better. He lacks convictions but can see the point. He knew instantly (unlike Eisenhower) that it was Faubus who had created the issue, and he said so publicly (drawing always a little further away from the diminishing President).

A good many political forecasts are now being made on the basis of Little Rock but we think it is too early. There is talk of a Southern "third party." Maybe. But wait awhile. What is happening is a steadily weakening position of the South. Under FDR the South lost its two-thirds veto rule over the nominee of Democratic Presidential conventions. In recent years the South lacked the votes to block a civil rights bill. Its strength now is centered in two Washington institutions: Senate seniority, which gives Dixie members key committee chairmanships (*i.e.* Eastland in Judiciary), and Rule 22—the rule which makes the filibuster possible. A bolt by the South—? Southern Senators would lose their powerful chairmanships immediately, and Rule 22 would probably go down the drain, too, (it may anyway in 1958). Senator Douglas (D, Ill.) put the whole thing in a nutshell when asked if he thought the South would now bolt. "I hope so," he replied sensibly.

The Ancient Stabilizer

THE Supreme Court opens its term October 7. Another flood of civil rights cases is impounded in the docket. The event deserves attention because it is the Court which has given the nation leadership in the past few years, not the divided Congress or the weak President By and large the Warren court has been handing down the most liberal opinions in a decade. In part this is because the era of McCarthyism has departed, but its backwash is still befouling the courts. Partly it is a matter of personality, and the irony is that at least two of the three appointees of conservative Eisenhower—Warren and Brennan—are liberals, while all of the appointees of the liberal Truman—Burton and Clark (and before them, Vinson and Minton)—ranged from Right to Extreme Right.

The court is the ancient stabilizer between two democratic goals, protection of the State and protection of the Individual. In war the court automatically emphasizes the safety of the State, but as times grow calmer the balance may tip back to neglected individual freedoms. That is happening now. Lawless Congressional committees are slapped down, denouncers of unpopular beliefs are limited, faceless informers are curbed. More of these tests loom just ahead. Meanwhile a remarkable thing is the movement of the Chief Justice into the liberal Black-Douglas corner. Warren has been on the court four years—in his first he joined Black in dissents only 5 times, next year only 3. But in 1956 and again in 1957 he joined with Black in a dozen dissents, and again and again he made the nucleus with Black and Douglas for a majority verdict on the liberal side.

Notes

THE DEATH of A. Powell Davies, the liberal Unitarian minister of Washington (who has written for this magazine) leaves us with a curious sense of exposure and insecurity. The flank that he held was always safe. He tangled aggressively with intolerance, with McCarthyism and with every kind of beastliness and did it with humor, style and lethal wit. This column rarely ventures into religion. But here was a pastor who cheerfully reminded a city (and increasingly a nation) that Jesus was angry when he scourged the money-lenders out of the Temple; that Christians cannot sit passive before Evil. Liberals like Davies are rare, but we like to think there are some of them—of one kind or another—in almost every community. When they pass they bequeath a dreadful sense of loneliness and inadequacy to their followers but also the saving thought—which Davies smilingly exemplified—that nobody can be in a minority who has decency on his side.

Defense officials announced last week a new radar with possibility of giving the United States perhaps a dozen minutes' warning of an H-bomb missile. Just long enough for a good commercial!

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

OCTOBER 7, 1957

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Correspondence

► ***Russia Since 1917***

SIRS:

As an old contributor, constant reader, and ardent champion of *The New Republic,* I trust I may be permitted, lest other readers be misled, to correct the weird impression of my most recent book, *Russia Since 1917,* conveyed by Donald W. Treadgold in the issue of September 30. Opinions are *de gustibus* in a liberal Journal of Opinion. But accuracy in reporting is as essential in book-reviewing as elsewhere if liberal opinion is to have any operational significance. And some familiarity with the facts of life in our time would seem to be desirable as a basis of evaluating any work dealing with contemporary world politics.

My statement that the USSR was "in no way threatening" the Middle East refers explicitly to the background of the Baghdad Pact of 1954 and not, as Treadgold writes, to the Eisenhower Doctrine of 1957. As for his comment that I do not "say why" the Nazi inva-

(Continued on page 23)

Deterrence or What?

WHEN the Secretary of State writes an article for a journal that is read in the foreign offices of the world, and when he addresses the UN General Assembly, both of which Mr. Dulles has done lately, a careful reading of his words is in order for what light they may throw on the current debate about national strategy. In these new expressions of his views, given in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs,* and in his September 19 address, Mr. Dulles does not alter the Administration's familiar division of the national defense problem into three parts: we must "deter" the Russians from launching a surprise nuclear attack upon the United States; we must "deter" International Communism from using its superiority in conventionally armed (that is, non-nuclear) forces to launch aggressive attacks upon our allies; we must provide the weapons and forces for this two-fold "deterrence" without going bankrupt.

But how will all this be done? To deter Russian attack upon the US we have armed ourselves with the Strategic Air Command and supporting forces, and we are investing heavily in the offensive and defensive missiles of the future. This is accepted generally, and the Secretary says little about it. But the Administration's solution to the second problem is much less clear. Mr. Dulles says that it is for the protection of our allies that we are developing "smaller" and "cleaner" nuclear weapons, capable of defending the free world without destroying it. But, he adds, the arms race in which these efforts have engaged us raises the specter of bankruptcy. Therefore, the US has urged upon the Russians a system of mutual air and ground inspection of the opposing armed forces that would rule out the possibility of successful surprise attack, anticipating that the resulting relaxation of East-West tensions will make possible "almost automatically" a reduction of the crushing burden of armaments.

Ever since his sensational address before the Council on Foreign Relations, on Jan. 12, 1954, the Secretary of State has been known as the Administration's leading advocate of "massive retaliation," a reputation that doubtless gives him the feeling of being a much misunderstood man. For to his critics Mr. Dulles has replied, from the first, that he wasn't talking about starting a war, but about "deterring" the other side from starting one. Stressing the lessons of British and French experience with Mussolini and Hitler, he has said that the greatest threat to peace lies in the possibility of an aggressor's "miscalculation" of the opposition he would encounter. Thus if the US makes it perfectly clear what defense it will put up, aggression is unlikely to occur. As early as November, 1954, he struck back at his critics who warned of the danger of general nuclear war (World War III) implicit in the employment of nuclear weapons by saying that his principles did not imply that "any local war would automatically be turned into a general war with atom bombs being dropped all

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over the map." Moreover, he disputed the claim that nuclear weapons were necessarily indiscriminate in their effects, speaking, on March 8, 1955, of "new and powerful weapons of precision which can utterly destroy military targets without endangering unrelated civilian centers."

☆

Both the threatened "massive" retaliation of SAC and the threatened "measured" retaliation of "small" nuclear weapons enter into a national defense theory that Mr. Dulles has called "a theory of selective deterrent," and in an address at Williams College, on October 6, 1956, he explained this theory by saying:

> One of the greatest advances of our time is recognition that one of the ways to prevent war is to deter it by having the will and the capacity to use force to punish an aggressor. This involves an effort, within the society of nations, to apply the principle used to deter violence within a community. . . . This principle of deterrence does not operate 100 percent even in the best ordered communities. But it is conceded to be effective and can be usefully extended into the society of nations.

The Secretary has not abandoned his theory. In his *Foreign Affairs* article, with unwonted emphasis upon the shortcomings of the more "massive" aspects of deterrence, he says that "the military strategy of the free world allies has been largely based upon our great capacity to retaliate should the Soviet Union launch a war of aggression." "However," he continues, "the United States has not been content to rely upon a peace *which could only be preserved by a capacity to destroy vast segments of the human race.*" (Italics added.) Not being content, what we have done is to continue nuclear weapons development, with the end in view of perfecting those "smaller" and "cleaner" nuclear weapons that can be used with greater precision against *military* targets.

The first time the Secretary of State made his case for the "limited" employment of nuclear weapons—it was in the aftermath of the Indo-China crisis of 1954—he was talking about using them against the Red Chinese, who had none to use back, and upon *enemy* territory. Under these circumstances, presumably the bombs then available were "small" enough. In this more recent formulation he is talking about using nuclear weapons against the Russians, who *do* have them to use back, and upon the *friendly* territory of our understandably apprehensive European allies.

The new formulation is interesting, too, because Mr. Dulles seems to be suggesting, though he is careful not to be too explicit about it, the possibility of a *limited* nuclear war in Western Europe. Hitherto it could almost be said that discussion of this possibility was taboo, because it might undermine the deterrent effect of our promised massive retaliation for *any* Communist aggression against NATO.

But the West Europeans, and the Germans in particular, are also less than content with their dependence upon this same "capacity to destroy vast segments of the human race." Moreover, even the suggestion that NATO forces can be effectively multiplied by the addition of nuclear weapons teams (already assigned to US forces in Europe), thus reducing Europe's dependence upon massive retaliation reduced, comes up against the strong feeling of our allies that they would be destroyed in a nuclear war anyway—even one "limited" to their territory.

To quiet these misgivings Mr. Dulles insists that the presumed aggressor's superiority in *conventional* forces is still the thing to be overcome, and that a conventional attack *can* be "deterred" by establishing a nuclear defense in Western Europe. But his argument also implies that even if this deterrence should fail and a defensive action have to be fought, the "smaller" and "cleaner" nuclear weapons we are developing would somehow make a successful defense possible "that need not involve vast destruction and widespread harm to humanity." And he comes forward with what appears to be a new concept: that the Communists will be reluctant to initiate *nuclear* war. "Thus," he says

> . . . the tables may be turned, in the sense that instead of those who are non-aggressive having to rely upon all-out nuclear retaliatory power for their protection, would-be aggressors will be unable to count upon a successful conventional aggression, but must themselves weigh the consequences of invoking nuclear war.

But West Europeans are also increasingly skeptical regarding the possibility that we would, in fact, invite Russian thermonuclear attack upon the US for Communist actions that—however dangerous they might be to Western Europe—might well not seem to us worth the cost in casualties here at home. Mr. Dulles himself recognizes this when he says that as nuclear weapons become more "tactical" our allies will "inevitably" desire to participate "more directly" in a nuclear defense "*and to*

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 NINETEENTH ST. N. W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.
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Published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) and copyrighted, 1957 in the USA by The New Republic, Inc., and distributed to newsstands by the Eastern News Company, N. Y. 14, N. Y. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-cass matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25c; Yearly subscription, $8.00; *Foreign, $9.00; Armed Forces personnel or students $5.00.* Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

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have a greater assurance that this defensive power will in fact be used." (Italics added.) But if our allies do not believe that we would, in fact, retaliate massively in certain contingencies, presumably the Russians will doubt it too. And if the Russians doubt it the "grand deterrent" no longer suffices. The question raised by Mr. Dulles' analysis, then, is: will Communist aggression against NATO be prevented anyway, either by Soviet reluctance to "invoke" nuclear war, or because the Russians are convinced that their forces cannot prevail against a local, non-massive, nuclear defense of NATO?

If Communist forces continue to be vastly superior in numbers to those of NATO after *both sides* have been armed with nuclear weapons, it is difficult to believe that they will be deterred from attack indefinitely by their *military* estimates of possible success or failure alone. As for whether the Communists will be "deterred" by their reluctance to "invoke" nuclear war, doubtless the moral opprobrium of starting the first nuclear war will weigh even in Communist calculations; doubtless, too, the Soviets will be conscious of the risk that nuclear war, however limited at the outset, may grow into a general war of mutual annihilation. But Mr. Dulles would leave the Communists no alternative to nuclear war, and if they are convinced by his argument that nuclear war can be limited they may well decide that they can win such a war. Almost certainly the advantage of numbers will be on their side, and, particularly in nuclear war, there would appear to be extra dividends for the one making the first move.

The root of the difficulty with "the theory of selective deterrent" is revealed in the very analogy Mr. Dulles chose, in his Williams College address, when he said that it involved an effort, "within the society of nations, to apply the principle used to deter violence within a community." The point is that a "community," in this use, is by definition a part of human society within which there is a generally effective *monopoly of force.* The monopoly may be challenged, as that of the Federal Government was recently in Little Rock, but so long as the community is a going concern its survival depends only on its *willingness* to meet the challenge, which is just what the President did when he sent Federal troops into Arkansas. But in the society of nations there is no such monopoly, and, since the failure of the Security Council to perform as planned, not even a semblance.

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There was, indeed, if only for a few years, a monopoly of *nuclear* force under US control. At that time it was possible to believe that our problem, in seeking to maintain the peace of the world, was analogous to that of the community in maintaining internal order. For it could be argued that all we had to do was to overcome the unpleasant aftertaste of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and be *willing* to use the power we had. This, in fact, is just what the proponents of preventive war advocated. But our nuclear monopoly vanished with the growth of Russian nuclear power, and the analogy is now wholly false. In fact, it is questionable whether there was much validity in it even when Mr. Dulles first discovered the "theory of the deterrent" in 1954. In his own formulation "capacity" as well as "will" is required to "punish" an aggressor, and when that capacity is lost no amount of harping upon the "will" to punish will bring it back. "Deterrence," to be blunt about it, is a word that is supposed to inspire confidence by obscuring a multitude of uncertainties.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Dulles' article and the delivery of his General Assembly address, the Secretary of Defense announced a further reduction in the very forces that would use the "smaller" and "cleaner" nuclear weapons with which the Secretary of State proposes we should defend our allies: the Army is to lose another division, the Air Force ten tactical and transport wings. This economy cut-back was made, be it noted, despite the failure of the London negotiations, in which the US, Britain, and France proposed the mutual inspection and gradual disarmament which, according to Mr. Dulles, are the keys to the economy problem.

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To the dilemmas of the nuclear age, as it approaches maturity, Mr. Dulles offers varied answers. One, which he obviously hesitates to spell out, is the possibility of a successful limited nuclear defense, to complement the grand deterrent; to this is added the comforting thought that if the Russians aren't allowed to use their conventional forces they may be deterred from aggression by the fact that the alternative is *nuclear* war. But, when all this is said, his view of the future is dark, if reduction of armaments cannot be achieved. And if they are? His optimism is startling: he seems to look towards the day when nuclear armaments will no longer play a decisive role in the world's strategies. When, he says,

> . . . nations exposed to aggression will know that they probably cannot be wiped out at a single blow and therefore they can rely more than now upon potential military strength rather than strength actually in being.

Are we thus happily to recreate the pre-nuclear world, in which American industrial war potential was the nearest thing in existence to an "ultimate weapon"?

But the subject is too grave to be left on this note. Mr. Dulles does well to recognize the need to limit war. It is to be hoped that he will explore the problem further. If he does he may find that his "deterrent" gets in the way. The alternative, in contrast, is to see that those conflicts we cannot prudently avoid end in workable settlements. And this, on the brink of Inferno, suggests a national strategy that is more moderate and modest than "deterrence."

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The Hearts of Men

ALL men of good will—and it cannot be that the North has a monopoly on them—who saw the sickening pictures of mob brutality on the Monday after Governor Faubus withdrew the National Guard must have had a sense of relief and even of rejoicing when the President ordered a contingent of the Regular Army to keep the peace, and keep it on the Federal District Court's and the nation's terms, not those of Faubus and his mob.

Nor need anyone have any serious doubts about the legality of the President's action. It was based on statutes of ancient lineage and certain constitutionality. Yet we should not allow relief and rejoicing to give birth to an illusion; we should not let ourselves be beguiled into feeling that this was anything but a tragic, a dreadful necessity, whose consequences for the future are at best unpredictable and quite possibly melancholy.

For years it was agreed by everyone, most vigorously including the President, that in the long run integration cannot be brought about by force. That was and remains true. True also is one of the President's favorite platitudes: that what is needed is a change in the hearts of men, and that laws cannot bring it about just like that. Nor can the forceful execution of the laws do so. There must in the end be acceptance of the law, recognition of its rightness; acceptance—even if grudging, perhaps not wholly conscious; recognition—if not explicitly of its rightness then of its necessity and permanence.

Acute enforcement crises are not calculated to hasten this consummation. Our reliance must rather be on the weight of a steady, unwavering national moral conviction. Of this conviction, which exists, the President has never assumed the spokesmanship. He did not do so even when he announced that he had used his authority in Little Rock. Never has he said that integration is right and is inevitable. Did he say so to the delegation of Southern governors with whom he met last week? And in speaking of the hearts of men he has never seemed to have in mind also the hearts of those whose skins are dark. One waited in vain, when the President addressed the nation over television, for him to remark on the heroism of Negro children and adults in Little Rock—men, women and children who in the midst of so much ugliness, gave us a great moment in freedom's history.

It is in light of the President's failure to take the leadership of the effort to gain acceptance for the integration policy that we must assess—and assess without illusion—the long-range consequences of his sudden decision to use force. The President's course has for more than three years been one of *immobilisme* worthy of the worst sort of French government. Mr. Eisenhower was at his most immobile during the three weeks that elapsed between Governor Faubus' malevolent action and his own finally unavoidable one. It is not futile crying over spilt milk to point out again that had the President conducted himself differently during the past three years and during those three weeks, federal bayonets would never have had to ring Central High School in Little Rock. The point bears repetition because the problem now at best reverts to where it was; quite probably we have had a setback. Continued *immobilisme* can lead to disaster after disaster each September.

NINE LITTLE NIGGERS

***"Two, four, six, eight, We ain't gonna integrate!"*—School song, Central High School, Little Rock**

NINE little niggers in Little Rock School?
Arkansas citizens start mob-rule.

Integration the White forbids,
"No little niggers sit with our kids!"

God's White chillun from the class-room run—
Nine little niggers? No, not one!

The Federal Court removed the ban—
Let little niggers in—if they can!

The Governor posted the National Guard,
The school-house doors were locked and barred,

But nine little niggers were smuggled in,
Then had to fly to save their skin.

But citizens who the law would thwart
Stand in contempt of the Federal Court,

And National Guard and State Police
In Little Rock failed to keep the peace,

And the President said to Little Rock,
"Arkansas won't put back the clock!"

Now Federal Troops move in to show
All God's chillun to school may go.

Deep South Governors urge a stand—
"Halt integration in Dixieland!

WILL nine little niggers set off the spark?
The eyes of the world are on Little Rock, Ark.

Will citizens now include lynch law
In the sovereign rights of Arkansas?

Or will they heed the order terse,
"Lawless assemblies must disperse"?

Federal troops the law enforce—
All little niggers take the High School course,

Till Little Rock, Ark., accepts the view
That colored folk are citizens too.

SAGITTARIUS

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AN OPEN LETTER TO TITO

SIR:

The Yugoslav Government has confirmed press reports that Milovan Djilas has been brought out of prison so that he may be tried, for the third time, on the charge of writing propaganda "hostile" to the Yugoslav state. I address this protest to you and not to the prosecutor or the judge, because I have no illusion as to the character of the Djilas trial: it is a political act, designed to silence and punish a political opponent, and to warn others who might be tempted to over-indulge in "self-criticism." No charge of overt conspiracy or sedition has been levelled against Djilas: the basis of the prosecution is his authorship of a literary work, *The New Class,* which has elicited considerable interest in the United States, as it has all over the world.

In advance, I reject the argument that the Djilas trial is a matter of domestic Yugoslav concern exclusively. To say that is to say that the fate of Yugoslavia itself is of no concern to outsiders; and that is not true. Nor has it been. I also rejected the argument, advanced some years ago, according to which the "Yugoslav question" —namely, your and Djilas' differences with the Cominform and with Stalin—was properly of concern to Communists only. I then welcomed and encouraged signs not merely of Yugoslav independence but of what seemed to be a trend away from the harshness of Stalinism within the country itself. On June 11, 1951, *The New Republic* said editorially that "slowly but markedly, the hard core of Yugoslav totalitarianism is leavening into a form closer to the Western democratic blueprint." So it seemed to us then, and for some time thereafter. When we—American and Western European liberals—came to the defense of "Titoism," the Communists told us that "bourgeois" had no right to intervene in this "domestic quarrel" between Communists. On the other hand, when we urged economic assistance—even arms—for an independent Communist Yugoslavia and expressed our admiration for Tito—and Djilas—the conservatives accused us of defending dictatorship.

Yugoslavia won its way onto the Security Council of the United Nations with the backing of many Western governments, including my own; and that in turn was made possible, at least in part, by the sympathy your defiance of arrogant Russian threats aroused here and elsewhere. When, in 1951, you called upon liberals of the West to back your concept of non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations, I accepted your invitation and went to the conference in Zagreb presided over by your trusted friend, the late Vice President of Yugoslavia, Moshe Pijade. I was there elected to the international committee which for two years sought for ways of popularizing the aims of the Zagreb meeting.

If I had the right and indeed the duty to speak then on behalf of freedom and independence for Yugoslavia, I have the right and indeed the duty today to tell you that in restricting the freedom and independence of one Yugoslav, Djilas, you are undercutting the very principles for which you invited us earlier to fight. And do not be misled! Your decision in the Djilas case will not be easily forgotten. No matter what you do in the future to mollify Western suspicions, your actions in this case will weigh heavily in Western judgments of Yugoslavia. You must choose whether or not, by your treatment of Djilas, to substantiate what Djilas himself has written in *The New Class:*

> To the extent that one class, party, or leader stifles criticism completely, or holds absolute power, it or he inevitably falls into an unrealistic, egotistical, and pretentious judgment of reality. This is happening today to the Communist leaders.

Realism would require a recognition that Djilas' writings today are consistent with, more, they are the logical consequence of, his rebellion against Stalinist bureaucracy and barbarism. (And oh, how the Yugoslav press praised Djilas' words on this subject—before his first trial). Djilas has seen that Stalinism did not die with Stalin; that a new class of oppressors—upon which Stalin built his dictatorship—persists and has become itself an enemy of the people.

Djilas did not discover this "new class." That is not his contribution. He has our gratitude and will have history's for having the courage to identify the enemy while at the mercy of that which he criticizes. Yours is the power now to punish, and yet you are surely wrong if you believe that to use the power of the state to crush one writer proves the power of the state: it is proof only of weakness—and of the correctness of Djilas' analysis.

Djilas, I remind you again, will not be forgotten. By persecuting a man who joined the civilized world in denouncing the crushing by Soviet tanks of the freedom forces in Hungary, you choose to keep company with the uncivilized. From them you must take your comfort and to them look for aid in protecting the independence of your country. Your propagandists today call Djilas a "Goebbels." The origin of the epithet is interesting: it derives from Vishinsky's speech delivered in the UN in 1949, when you had appealed to the civilized world for help against Soviet intimidation. Your spokesman then was Milovan Djilas. For me he remains the spokesman of human independence and dignity, without which national independence is but a sham.

GILBERT A. HARRISON

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What Obsesses the Arabs

THE FORTHCOMING debate on the Middle East in the General Assembly of the United Nations will be held against a somber backcloth. Almost daily, the balance in the Arab world is shifting in favor of the Soviet Union. Soviet warships have anchored off Latakia. A Soviet delegation is in Damascus, discussing the details of long-term aid to Syria. President Nasser has declared Egypt's unconditional solidarity with Syria against "imperialist threats." King Saud has taken several recent opportunities of stressing that he will not tolerate the use of force or "extreme forms of pressure" against Syria.

Meanwhile, the breakwaters erected by the West against the tide of Arab nationalism are looking flimsier than a month ago. In Lebanon, relations between government and opposition have taken a sharp turn for the worse. While the state of internal security deteriorates, opposition leaders are making, almost weekly, the pilgrimage to Damascus. In Jordan, there are signs of cleavage between the various groups supporting the regime. Some want King Hussein to go the whole way with the West and join the Bagdad Pact; others are advising against a course which they think dangerously explosive. The opposition, temporarily stunned by the strong measures taken after the April *coup d'etat,* is beginning to stir again.

In view of these danger signals, it is disappointing that Mr. Dulles should have said nothing in his speech of September 19 to suggest that he was having second thoughts on the Middle East. The Syrian Government, for one, is anxious to meet him in discussion on his own chosen ground. It is prepared to tear in pieces his historical analysis that gives more weight to the pipe-dreams of dead Russian rulers than to actual domination of the Arabs, within recent memory, by the Turks, the British and the French. It is ready to poke fun at his implication that all was harmony in the Middle East until suddenly, in 1955, the Soviet Government began "inciting" the Arab nationalists. Furthermore, when it comes to the obscure region of "indirect aggression," the Syrian Government is sure that it can match charge with counter-charge, by reference to Turkish concentrations, movements of the 6th Fleet, Israeli provocations, airlifts to Jordan, reported American conspiracies inside Syria and the long-sustained Western propaganda war against the policies of Arab nationalism.

With so much material available for mud-slinging on either side, the debate is likely to be sterile—except that the West will doubtless roll up another majority in the Assembly and thus help to convince the Arabs of the Soviet thesis that the United Nations is an American-dominated body. Yet the need for a new approach is urgent. The West is confronted by a major shift of Arab sympathies — away from the West and toward the East. Now, if ever, is the time for agonizing reappraisal.

The first step is diagnosis. How is it that the United States, loudly acclaimed by Arab nationalists as recently as last winter, now incurs such odium from the same people? Judging by his speech to the General Assembly, Mr. Dulles attributes the change to Communist intrigue and subversion. But the Soviet Government has been intriguing in the Middle East for decades; and for decades it achieved nothing. The change began in 1955. Why? Stripped of unessentials, the answer can be reduced to simple terms. The Americans—like the British before them—have failed to recognize the two most deeply seated of all Arab political emotions: the desire for neutrality between the power blocs, and hatred of Israel. The Russians have taken full account of them. Everything flows from that.

In sober fact, Soviet penetration of the Middle East began to succeed from the moment that the Soviet Government gave up its attempts to communize the area and switched its support to nationalist governments already intent on getting rid of the last vestiges of Western domination. They supplied Egypt and Syria with arms; they gave full, spectacular support to Egypt against Israel, Britain and France; they supplied more arms to replace those lost during the Suez affair; they entered the market for Arab cotton; they began to take up Syrian surpluses; and now they have offered Syria a major loan, on easy terms, for the purpose of economic development. All that in spite of the fact that the only legal Communist Party in the Middle East is that of Israel!

THE West has already done more for the Arabs than the Soviet Union is likely to do in the next 10 years But there have always been two flaws in the Western position. First, Britain and the United States were primarily responsible for the creation of Israel and are still committed to her support. Second, Western aid was never unconditional. Originally, it was linked with thinly veiled colonialism—protectorates and the mandate system. Then, it was conditional on bases: Habbaniya, Mafraq, Aqaba, the Suez Canal. Next, it was tied to the abortive Middle Eastern defense system, which had to be whittled down to the Bagdad Pact of doubtful value. Finally, in the Eisenhower Doctrine, it was offered in return for an undertaking to resist Communism.

The ultimate intention of the Soviet Union to domi-

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nate the Middle East is not in doubt. But the Soviet aid now offered to the Arabs is in fact unconditional for the simple reason that the Soviet Government has no need to impose conditions. "Keep your neutrality," say the Russians. "Get rid of those dangerous foreign bases. Meanwhile, we will help you build your economic and military strength to deal with Israel." In short, the Russians are seeking, not satellites, but friends. The Arabs may be foolish to fall for that line of talk, and may one day bitterly regret their neutralism. So may the Swedes and the Swiss. Meanwhile, their motives in getting what they can from their powerful and generous friend should be readily understood.

How can the West counter this new approach, so much more deadly than the intrigue and subversion of Mr. Dulles's imagination?

Western policies often involve what Dulles calls a "calculated risk." Matters have drifted so far in the Middle East that any attempt to stop Soviet penetration must involve calculated risks of a large order. No Western policy can win Arab goodwill unless it takes full account of the Arab obsession with independence and neutrality. In other words, the West must accept the existence of what was once miscalled—with very unfortunate results—a vacuum. The risk sounds stupendous. It means washing our hands of an area of great strategic value, in which Western political influence and military control has persisted almost throughout living memory. Yet we can take comfort. When Egypt rallied to Syria's side in the face of American pressure, the government-controlled Cairo press lavished unbounded praise on Syria's "stand for neutralism." It was not so much a statement of fact as an exhortation—and a particularly revealing one at that.

The Arabs are not so foolish as to suppose that the Russians are disinterested. Many strong nationalists think that Syria may have gone too far. It was only Western clamor that drove them to support Syria, just as it was only Western attempts to influence Arab policy and set limits to Arab sovereignty that drove them to seek aid from the East. Once convinced that their fears of the West are groundless, the Arabs themselves will be quick to restore the balance that now tilts in favor of the Russians. It is equally certain that persistence in past attitudes will greatly accelerate the pace of Soviet penetration.

No Arab expects Mr. Dulles to announce a reversal of front within the next few days. But when he rises to speak in the debate, they will look for signs that the West is taking a new look at the problem. The Arabs are not only wilful and difficult; they are also nervous. And they will surely clutch at anything that offers them hope of peace, independence and neutrality.

H. A. R. PHILBY

Damascus

Farewell, Little M 9,132,994 E!

Goodbye little war bond M 9,132,994 E!
And goodbye to you, too, M 11,438,849 E!

THE TIME has come to part. I put down $750 each for you when you were new and young—one in December, 1944, the other in November, 1945. You have rested comfortably in that black japanned safe-deposit box in the Second National Bank ever since. What a sheltered, inexperienced life. The only sound you heard in that hallowed bank vault was the comfortable sound of dowagers snipping dividend certificates.

Each of you has the signature "Henry Morgenthau, Jr." in the corner; each a picture of Lincoln at the top.

It was a comfort having you in the box all these years. You gave me capitalistic self-confidence. Once or twice (you didn't know of this) we nearly parted but always finally I abstained—you made me feel so respectable.

Just lying there, doing nothing, in the dark black box, you accumulated wealth. What an attractive life. Ah, the lovely Capitalistic system. You are now worth your full face value of $1,000, but no more, because I have kept you beyond your allotted 10 years.

Little M 9,132,994 E—you are worth $1,076.

And you, M 11,438,849 E, you are worth $1,045.

So the patriotic war posters are fulfilled. "Safest investment in the world!" they proclaimed.

But wait. Something has happened. You are the same but the world has changed. Yes, the fact is we are all changed. In a dozen years there is more of me. Alas—and less of you!

Let me suggest to you in the most tactful and delicate manner, that you are going to find a change outside your sheltered cell.

Do you remember that 10 cent streetcar fare? It is 20 cents today. And milk, believe me, is 25 cents a quart!

We denounced the "exorbitant" war prices in the 40's. Little we guessed what peace would bring.

I do not blame you, my friends, but brace yourself now for what I say: the 1944 Dollar is today worth only 63 cents; the November, 1945, Dollar 64 cents.

There in your black box the moths of inflation have somehow penetrated, *mes petites.*

You remind me of the woman who could not sleep at night because of the noise of the moths; she had to get up and throw a sweater into the closet to get any rest.

And so with you. At birth you were worth $1,500 together and after working hard all your life you are down to $1,357.44. You have run hard for 12 years

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and have not even held your own—you have lost ground to the tune of $142.56.

I am not naïve; I knew what was happening. Maybe it was folly to hold you so long but the change in you came gradually like the lines in a friend's face. Who would break an attachment for a few wrinkles?

Oddly enough it was not the war years that gave you that seamed, anemic look. In the four years of war, 1942-1945, you must know that the cost of living rose only 14 points; a relatively small amount in that economic tempest. No, it was when controls were removed *after the war* that the big jump came. In three years, 1946, 1947, 1948, the cost of living leaped 26 points —almost twice that of the war. Do you recall, my little ones, the fight Truman made to keep controls longer? He was defeated, of course. What did he know of economics? There was a "strike" of the packers, for example, just before the GOP midterm victory in 1946; a meat shortage till the price was decontrolled. Housewives weary of ration books, private businesses eager for profits, conservatives angry at Roosevelt—they all demanded control's end. It ended all right. That is when you lost 20 cents in the value of your dollar.

Prices were stable for a couple of years after 1948. Then came the 11.5-point leap for Korea. After that stability again for the last year of Truman. And then Eisenhower.

Alas, poor lambs, how am I to tell you what comes now? Under your new protectors you have lost another 5 cents! I cannot explain to you how. It is terribly disconcerting. Since spring, 1956, there has been one of the sharpest peacetime rises in history. You will be glad to know that the Administration is going to work harder than ever to combat it. I think it is time for us to part.

Yes, and you, my little M 11,438,849 E—a year younger than your brother: Harry Truman was President when you were stamped—that scrappy little man. Half the people could never forgive him for not being Roosevelt and the other half for being his heir! Your birth was November, 1945. What a time of turbulence! Why, in one September week Truman had more overlapping crises than his successor has had in the normal six months—a rush in Congress to disband the Army, a crucial decision on how far to go to help demoralized Europe, and an automobile strike! Yes, the Truman Administration was something to watch—one chronic emergency from the dropping of the A-bomb to the obstruction every postwar President gets from Congress. He was no War Hero to help his prestige; he had to work a 12-hour day to do his still uncompleted job, with a sign on his desk, "The buck stops here." The answers he gave weren't always right, but you always knew who was making them.

Well, let there be no hard feelings as we part, my war bonds! It is true, of course, that if I had put that $1,500 into General Motors common stock in 1944 I would have $6,000 today; or if I had bought Standard Oil of New Jersey, it would amount now to $8,250 (plus dividends!) Common stock is like a buoy on the surface of investment, it rises with inflation; it is not tied, as you are, at a fixed height to the ocean floor as the tide comes in.

Who should know better than you, my friends, that I did balance you off with some common stock over the decade? Forgive me for having intruded those *nouveau riche* into your dark safe deposit box; I know how their speculative presence must have irked your sense of solid, patriotic thrift. (But how much more philosophic I feel today because of it.)

THERE has been a kind of conspiracy against you E bonds, to tell the truth. The government first paid 3 percent for your hire and even now only 3¼ percent. You are the pet of the small investor—the little fellow. The government is issuing fine new 12-year bonds today for the businessman. They fluctuate with the market and have other disadvantages. They also pav 4 percent.

The Treasury never ceases to give you little pats on the head, like a beaming Vicar with favorite Sunday School scholars. There are $41.5 billion worth of E & H bonds out owned (it was guessed) by 40 million people. The Treasury's eyes shine as it counts them over; it is wonderful to see such thrift. Indeed, the E bonds do actually have much to be said for them. They can be cashed at any bank, they do not go up and down in a volatile stock market, they omit brokers' fees, they are ideal for monthly savings programs.

And yet . . . the public is cashing them. I feel unpatriotic to mention this. Heaven knows, I believe in thrift. But the wages of virtue are extraordinarily low. Redemptions in August equaled $479 million and new sales were only $392 million. More and more are selling.

The Treasury professes to see nothing peculiar in this. "It is encouraging that buyers of the smaller denominations, who represent the average American saver, are continuing to save regularly," writes John E. Buckley, national director of the Savings Bond Division, in a press release September 12. "This is the type of support that is needed constantly to maintain a sound economy in this nation." (By June the excess of redemptions was $622 million.)

Well, so we part. Let there be no tears. You did your best but you are the stepchildren of thrift—honored in theory and neglected in practice. Be comforted to know that wise men are still wrestling with inflation—still advertising you as "the safest of all investments." What was it I saw in Abe Lincoln's eye at that phrase—a wink?

Goodbye little M 9,132,994 E!
And farewell to you, too, M 11,438,849 E!

RICHARD L. STROUT

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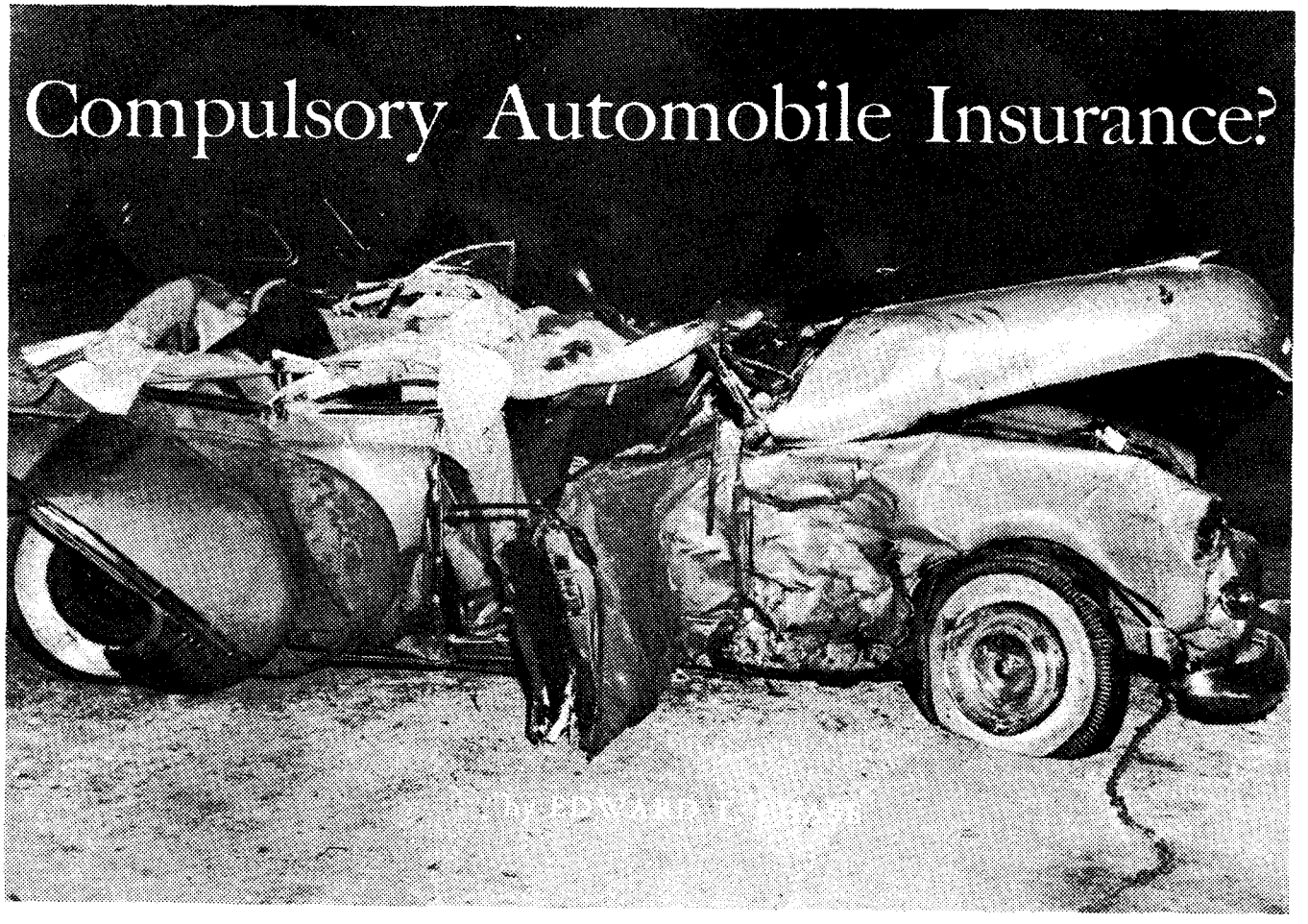
Compulsory Automobile Insurance?



By EDWARD T. CHASE

YOU CAN count on one of every five cars in the country being in a smash-up this year. About one in every 30 drivers will be hurt, and six of these will be permanently injured. What's more, the volume of legal wrangles, of claims and counter-claims, with all the attendant expense and anguish, is incalculable. Your own chances of involvement are extremely high.

It is against this background that the legislative battle of the year is being fought from one end of the Republic to the other over compulsory automobile insurance. The issue has been embroiling some 30 state legislatures. It has a most lively personal meaning for the estimated 12 to 15 million uninsured drivers and their victims. But in a number of ways it affects us all.

Last year a portentous struggle was waged in New York State over this question. Result was passage of a compulsory insurance law effective February 1, 1957. As a bell-cow state, New York's solution to this hoary problem—the first state to establish a compulsory car-insurance system since its adoption in 1927 by Massachusetts, the only other state to have it—may well set the ultimate national pattern. It has been termed the most important state legislative act since World War II. According to a news release from the state government, it directly affects more people than any state legislation in recent times—not only 5 million vehicle owners and 6 million licensed drivers in New York State, but also any out-of-state driver who ever drives in New York, for he too must now be insured. One minor result is that it will clear 30,000 old cars off the roads because their owners won't pay the required insurance premiums.

The demands for compulsory insurance are understandable enough. Every one of us knows of outrageous instances of friends or acquaintances victimized by the uninsured. A relative of mine was hospitalized for three months last year by an accident caused by an uninsured hot-rodder anxious to prove his manhood by a daring cut-off maneuver from which only he escaped unhurt. My secretary's family miraculously were unhurt when their car overturned in an accident again caused by an uninsured driver. They were unable to collect a cent, though their car was ruined.

Root pressure stems from the notorious toll of auto

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accidents in this country. *Forty thousand persons were killed last year in auto accidents, and a million and a half were injured at a total economic cost to the nation of between $4.5 and $6 billion.* Over the 72-hour Labor Day weekend alone there were 445 traffic deaths. As for the uninsured, to cite the case of New York alone, when the 1956 statistics have been compiled, the more-than-half-a-million registered motorists without auto insurance are expected to have produced at a conservative estimate more than $21.3 million in bodily injury and property damages. For both the thousands injured and unable to recover damages, and for the uninsured drivers ruined by financial suit, such a situation can be disastrous. General agreement in state government administrations, in legislatures and among the people has grown so over the years that such a situation can no longer be tolerated.

However, most of the insurance industry is fighting this development, relying for its ammunition chiefly on Massachusetts' unhappy experience as the only state, up to now, to have compulsory car insurance. No doubt Massachusetts has been something of a mess. It suffers from having its insurance rates set by a political appointee after fearsomely turbulent public hearings that are an annual three-ring circus in the Bay State. The rates have been so low occasionally as to prevent adequate sums from being set aside to meet claims, let alone meet the expenses of proper servicing. This has made auto insurance at times an unprofitable or nearly unprofitable venture in Massachusetts. There are also technical beefs against the Massachusetts law, such as that it does not apply to out-of-state cars or criminally operated cars, and that it applies only to bodily injury and not to property damage.

But you are not impressed by the candor or relevance of these complaints once you discover that Massachusetts' admittedly defective system derives largely from the circumstances of its birth: it was established overnight in 1927, when hardly a fourth of the state's cars were insured. The great bulk of them were then insured abruptly because the law said they had to be, with huge administrative and underwriting complications as a result. Politically inspired rate-making, such as occurs in Massachusetts, is not a necessary concomitant of a compulsory system.

THE insurance industry's cries of alarm over New York and now over the developments in so many other states are practically always in terms of Massachusetts' horrors. The truth would seem to be, however —and this is one observer who believes the industry would do well to state it—that the insurance industry is opposing compulsory not only out of genuine fear of unworkably low rates, politically inspired, but also because compulsory insurance threatens lower commissions for the insurance company agents and for brokers. When everyone *has* to have insurance, the selling and servicing functions of the agent are reduced. Accordingly, the commission he receives is liable to reflect this lessened need for his services. And in any case, excessively low rates would surely reduce the agent's and broker's own take. That is what is troubling the insurance companies.

We do not hear this fear expressed by the industry, however. Instead, we are told in their literature and speeches that "compulsory automobile insurance just does not work . . . it cannot protect citizens of one state against uninsured drivers from other states . . . or from hit-and-run drivers or operators of stolen cars."

IN short, we are told about small but lamentable gaps in compulsory auto coverage as if these were in some mystical fashion a necessary part of a compulsory system or even inspired by it. We hear nothing of the accomplishments of the system—namely, that it does meet the really gigantic social problem, the legions of uninsured drivers—as opposed to such fringe problems as hit-and-run drivers and stolen-car drivers, who don't cause anything like the damage of the army of uninsureds. Conceivably, this kind of *ex parte* argument by the industry and its silence about its fear of reduced commissions may win the day for the insurance companies. But apparently, not all of their numbers think this.

A majority of the country's leading mutual-company insurers (as opposed to the stock companies, who make up most of the industry) have now come out for the principle that all motorists must be financially able to meet the possible consequences of their driving. And this has meant in effect support for compulsory insurance, though even these renegades from the ranks of the industry shy from the term. Last year in New York, their defection from the majority viewpoint of the insurance industry is said to have played an important contributory role in the passage of that state's precedent-shattering compulsory law.

While aware of some possible hazards to the industry in a compulsory scheme, and while not advocating it forthwith for every state in the land, these particular insurance companies nevertheless recognized that the uninsured driver constituted a serious social problem falling within the responsibility and competence of the insurance industry. What's more, unlike the short-sighted majority, they were astute enough to realize that either their industry had to achieve the answer in New York or have it achieved for them by politicians under mounting public pressure. The upshot was a determination to settle the problem with a plan both in the public interest and one with which the insurance industry could live. When these mutual companies announced their support for compulsory, they were hailed editorially by the press as new allies in the fight for an essential public measure. Simultaneously they attracted the ire of most of their associates in the industry.

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It seems to me that compulsory auto insurance prevailed in New York State, however, because, by and large, the best interests of the public do prevail when the issue is (a) one that touches millions of people personally, and (b) comes under the steady scrutiny of the press. The principal New York papers waged a steady campaign for the passage of a compulsory law, and fortunately, unlike Massachusetts in 1927, New York's motorists were already about 90 percent insured. It meant closing a relatively small but destructive gap.

MOST insurance leaders who loathe compulsory—and, as I have said, this means the vast majority—favor instead the unsatisfied judgment-fund scheme. It is important to understand this system because it is being proposed in many states now. New Jersey has this system. The way it works is to create a pool of money by assessing insured motorists a small amount and uninsured motorists a much larger amount, and also taxing the insurance companies operating in the state (who in turn pass this charge on to their policyholders, of course). Judgments in automobile cases which are not collectible from the defendant (*i.e.,* from uninsured drivers) are paid by the fund, or are supposed to be. Defendants who don't pay up are put off the roads.

The anti-compulsory majority of the insurance industry is plugging this expedient in any state where it looks as if there is a real chance compulsory auto insurance may be established. The curious thing is that the fund system is not only seriously defective, but that it can lead to precisely what everyone in the insurance industry is afraid of—state operation of the insurance business.

It is a faulty system since, by assessing insured motorists and assessing the insurance companies who in turn charge their customers, it makes the responsible pay for the irresponsible. It also means that uninsured motorists supplying the great share of the money for the fund must pay for the costs of hit-and-run cases, stolen-car cases, and uninsured out-of-state-car cases (though these uninsured motorists are generally upright citizens, not criminals). This is obviously unfair. Also, the uninsured motorist, who pays the most heavily into the fund, does not thereby acquire insurance coverage—he still remains unprotected—though frequently, out of ignorance, he thinks he has somehow bought "insurance."

Furthermore, the New Jersey fund is not serving its main purposes: it apparently has not encouraged more motorists to become "responsible" by becoming insured. Also, there is great and increasing concern that not nearly enough money is being paid out in legitimate claims, owing to the formidable legal procedures involved. This means the fund is not coping with the very social injustices it is designed to solve.

But from the insurance industry's viewpoint, the real bogey man here is that the New Jersey fund has already created powerful pressures for the government to take it over. Here you have the state in the insurance business. Rates then might well be at the mercy of political pressures to a degree that would make the Massachusetts situation look comparatively perfect.

The whole concept of the unsatisfied judgment fund raises some fascinating questions in legal philosophy we can't engage in here, but that will be raised again and again because such funds are going to be advocated in many states. It is interesting to note, though, that Governor Harriman in this year's annual message to the legislature called for a fund aimed, as he put it, to "supplement" New York's compulsory law by dealing with some situations that are still not solved by compulsory insurance. The idea was to tax motorists in order to create a fund to aid people—not only motorists and their passengers, but also pedestrians—who are personally injured by hit-and-run, uninsured out-of-state, and illegal car operators. This is surely a noble sentiment. Nevertheless, what it amounts to is a kind of poll tax to make the responsible driver cover the misdeeds of lawbreakers. It really is not a "supplement" to the compulsory law. It is unrelated to the real aim of that law. The aim of compulsory auto insurance is to remove the irresponsible motorist from the road, which is to say, in effect, the uninsured motorist. This fund idea introduced in New York (unsuccessfully in this session, but bound to revive in the next) is a brand new and a truly revolutionary notion: that it is incumbent upon the state government to take care of all innocent victims. But, you may well ask, why just victims of criminally operated cars? Why not also innocent victims of thieves, thugs, criminals at large, who perpetuate a much greater aggregate loss?

HOWEVER this issue is eventually settled in New York, you can expect the wider issue of compulsory auto insurance to command the chief attention and energies of one state legislature after another for several years. In many, indeed most states, compulsory will not go through this year, or even next, though my belief is it surely will in time. Conditions vary from state to state, and no insurance company organization, not even the group of mutual companies that favored compulsory in New York, advocates a single uniform plan for adoption everywhere. In fact, when compulsory is called for, it should only be established in states where effective financial responsibility laws have already persuaded the big majority of the motorists to become insured. Otherwise you face a possible repetition of the Massachusetts situation where great technical difficulties followed from forcing a vast majority of uninsured to insure overnight. But where the irresponsible uninsured have been reduced to a fractional 10 to 15 percent of the state's drivers, as in New York, then it will seem just, logical and efficient to make insurance mandatory for all drivers, under penalty of law.

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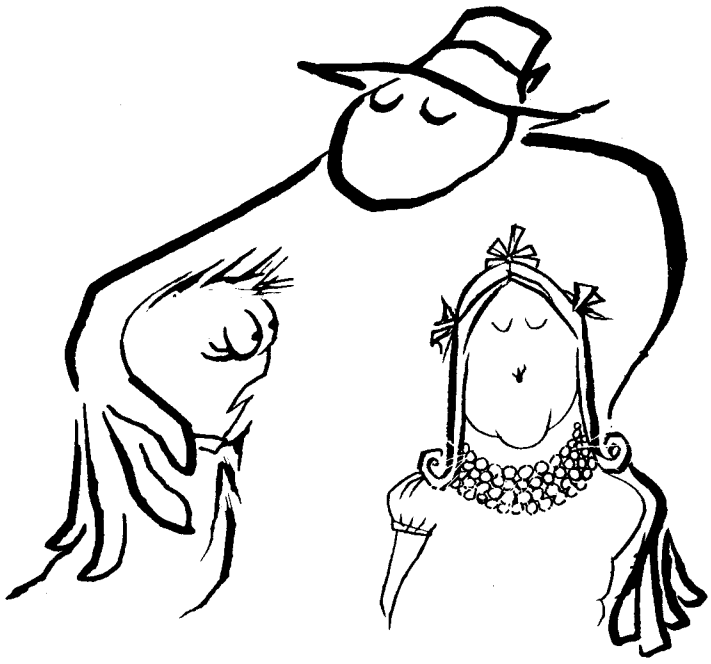
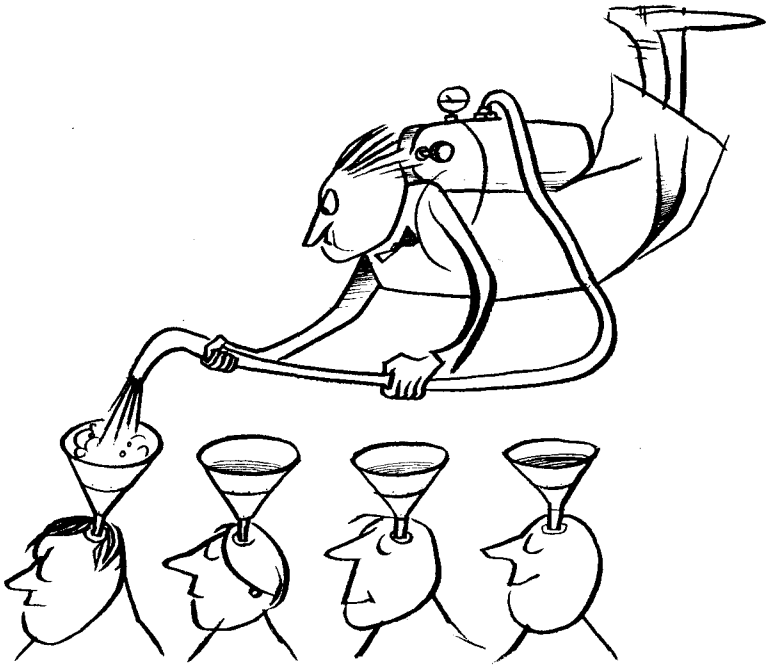
Public Relations

by Osborn



In order to consummate the marriage between you and their "client" . . .



public relations men have many techniques for winning your "consent."

They can think "in depth" . . .

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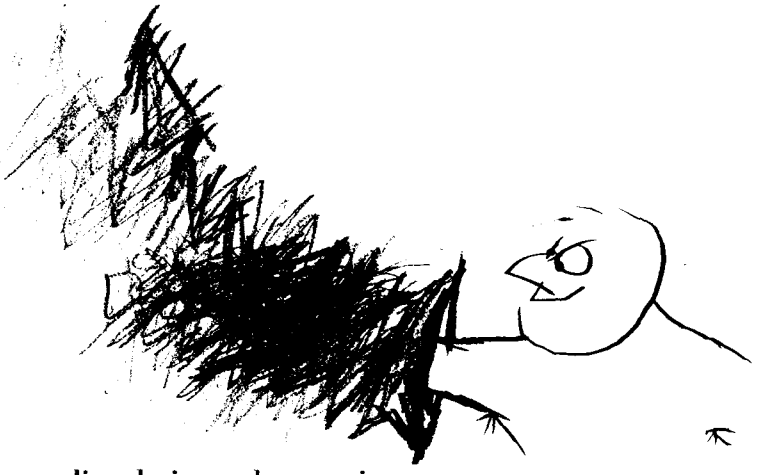
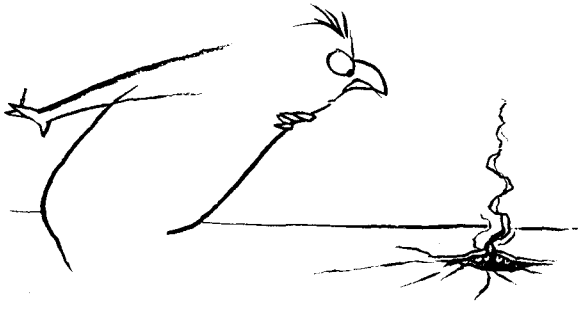
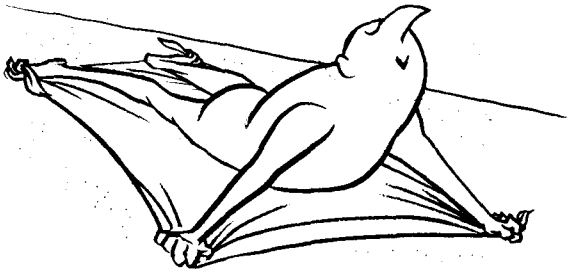


or disorderize and vaguerize
perfectly simple impressions . . .

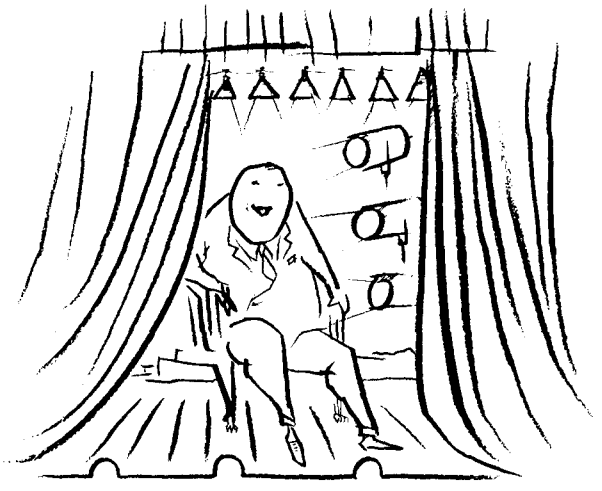
or merely play real cute.



They can also spot any unseemly stench . . .



and smother it promptly . . .



or put the President (of anything)
in the very best light . . .

and when we kid their "profession,"
they're deeply hurt.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Passionate Skeptic

by R. A. Scott-James

WHEN SOCRATES was declared by the Delphic Oracle to be the wisest of men he explained the verdict on the ground that he alone knew that he knew nothing. Mr. Alan Wood* comes near to saying that the philosophic pre-eminence of Lord Russell rests more on his exposure of errors than any startling discovery of truth. In many respects Russell has been the Socrates of our time. Throughout his long life (he is now eighty-five) he has always been asking questions. As a small boy he irritated his elder brother by asking why he should accept the axioms of Euclid if they could not be proved. Like Socrates he has made the pursuit of knowledge the guiding principle of his life. He regarded it as a crime to steer an argument to an "emotionally desirable" conclusion.

Not content to question the foundations of mathematics, in which his arguments were too abstruse to be generally understood, Russell proceeded to question the foundations of current morality, and got into hot water with the authorities at Cambridge and in New York. When accused of corrupting the youth of Athens by subversive teachings, Socrates ensured a hostile verdict by mocking his judges. Similarly Russell, in 1915, challenged prosecution by his provocative support of conscientious objectors to military service. Plato's Socrates compared himself to a gadfly; Russell has been the philosopher-gadfly of our time. The Greek was a man of action as well as a philosopher, and Russell too is rare among philosophers in insisting on being a man of the world—an active politician, a traveller, a social propagandist, a writer of literary essays and fiction, a man who embraces life in all its forms.

But I must not press the likeness too far. Socrates believed in the immortality of the soul; Russell insists, for all his admiration of the "Christian virtues," in calling himself an agnostic. Socrates was condemned to death, and died talking philosophy. Bertrand Russell has been given the Order of Merit and the Nobel Prize for Literature, and is safely enthroned as one of Britain's Grand Old Men—in every way a suitable object for so enthusiastic, discriminating and thoroughly a biography as Alan Wood's.

THE title of Wood's book *The Passionate Skeptic,* is no doubt meant to be a contradiction in terms. In his work and his character Russell exhibits a compound of qualities some of which seem to be the opposite of others—a mixture that might be baffling but fascinating to any biographer. But Mr. Wood is not easily baffled. He faces up to the contradictions frankly and gives the impression that he likes his hero all the better because the man in him often appears to defy the philosopher, and even the philosophy is not always consistent. Nonetheless we are aware of a core of personality which is unmistakably Russell, persisting from a wise childhood to a youthful and still pugnacious old age. To the courageous determination to pursue the cold truth wherever it leads I have already alluded; but we must add other ingredients: a passionate, obstinate love of freedom in all its forms, including freedom from superstition; hatred of cruelty; detestation of shams.

A grandson of the statesman Lord John Russell, he was brought up strictly by his grandmother in an atmosphere of doctrinaire Liberalism and Puritan behavior. His arrival at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1890 meant for him congenial friends and intellectual and moral release. His academic work was in mathematics and, later, in philosophy, but he combined with these studies interest in literature and history and, more and more as he got older, theories of politics and society. The austere pursuit of mathematics and philosophy was for long his major occupation, but it was never all of him. He was determined to live actively in the practical life of his generation, to be the philosopher in action, neglecting nothing human—poetry, travel, love, politics—walking, talking, jesting, fighting superstitions, championing the oppressed, and enunciating views on all things under the sun. He visited Germany in 1896, and though friendly to the Socialists he was severely critical of Marxism. He went to Russia in 1920, and antagonized his Socialist friends by denouncing the Bolshevik tyranny. He was more than once a candidate for Parliament, and in 1907 supported the female suffrage. But he was not in favor of militancy or the antics of the more extreme Feminists. When one of them told him that "the half of every man is a lunatic" he retorted: "The better half."

FEW philosophers have been expert in mathematics, and few mathematicians in philosophy. Russell was a master in both of these studies, and this served him in good stead in his *Foundations of Geometry* and in the massive book which he wrote in collaboration with A. N. Whitehead, *Principia Mathematica,* an abstruse work whose importance Mr. Wood asks his readers to take on trust, since there are not more than twenty people who are believed to have read it through, and fewer competent to understand it. Early in the century he had come under the spell of Bradley's *Appearance and Reality,* a book which to so many of us at one time seemed as irresistible in argument as it was delightful in style. But he finally rejected Bradley's idealism. He came back to "realism" and "common sense," expressing "a sense of escaping from prison." At last "we allowed ourselves to think that grass is green, that the sun and stars would exist if no one was aware of them."

During the years of his greatest absorption in philosophy he found time to mix actively with Liberal politicians and Fabian Socialists, and to discuss literature and art with the esthetes of Bloomsbury. But the outbreak of war in 1914 altered the whole course of his life. He was not one of those who believe that war under all circumstances

* *Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Skeptic,* by Alan Wood (Allen and Unwin: London; 21/-).

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is wrong. He supported up to the hilt the war against Hitler and the Nazis, but he did not feel that the earlier war against the Kaiser's Germany was a necessary war; from 1914 to 1918 he was an uncompromising pacifist. The war had a profound emotional effect on him. The skeptical philosopher in him gave way to the passionate agitator. "If I were the Prince of Peace," said A. E. Housman, "I would have chosen a less provocative Ambassador." Defiantly though not cheerfully he went to prison for his views, but in Brixton jail the philosopher came to the surface. He wrote philosophy and let his mind roam over past experiences in many lands. "In such adventures," he wrote, "I have forgotten the prison in which the world is keeping itself at the moment; I am free, and the world shall be."

THENCEFORWARD he was to spend more of his energies on social problems than on pure philosophy, becoming more provocative than ever in his challenge to conventional views, and also to the mystical faiths which he was prone to identify with superstition or wishful thinking. One thing he did not doubt—the sacredness of the pursuit of truth—but I am not aware that he has stated the grounds for preferring this faith to others. He is much more confident in deciding what is not true than what is, though doubtless it is something if he is sure that the grass is green and the sun shines. Mr. Wood goes a long way to justify most of Russell's intellectual conclusions, but parts company with him decisively when he comes to discuss his views on love and marriage, and his fantastic experiment in the education of children. "If," according to Russell, "the mystery could be taken out of something as marvelous as mathematics, why not out of sex?" And out of marriage, out of love, out of death, out of all spiritual or moral concepts? The more Russell was attacked for his views the more he seemed to delight in restating and over-stating his case. Just as he had been attacked in England in 1915 for his aggressive pacifism so in 1940 he was attacked in New York for his views on morality. (The details of his appointment to a chair of philosophy at the College of the City of New York and the subsequent withdrawal of that appointment are spelled out in the Appendix to his new collection of essays, *Why I Am Not a Christian*).* Ten years later he was awarded the Order of Merit in his own country and the Nobel Prize for Literature in Sweden.

Bertrand Russell is a rare combination of philosopher and artist. As a philosopher he has pursued his tasks with steadfast logical consistency, though not afraid to change his views when he has become aware of errors. As an artist he is equally uncompromising, but is guided by intuition or fancy. If he were to pursue his ethical principles into practical life he would be unable to say that "cruelty is bad"; he could only say "I dislike cruelty." Yet he admits that he finds it intolerable to suppose that that is all he means. Evidently it is an article of faith with him that cruelty is bad, just as it is an article of faith with him that love, mercy, forgiveness of enemies and sacrifice are good. In one of his last books he speaks of the need of "a kind of wisdom which practical men have hitherto thought too good for this world." With one hand he seeks to take the mystery out of love and religion, and brings it back again in sentences like that. Always, when he has put aside indignation, he is ready to go out to meet the world with light laughter, as in some of the excellent stories in his *Nightmares of Eminent Persons*. How entertaining to read of the orthodox young man whom intellect had never led astray, and of the metaphysician who discovered that Satan, with his "nots," was no more than "a bad linguistic habit."

Bertrand Russell is fortunate in having a biographer who is so well qualified to understand his work and at the same time so well equipped to present him as a man. Mr. Wood has risen to his splendid opportunity in dealing with a genius who, endowed with outstanding intellectual powers, neither neglected his proper work nor refrained from taking a strenuous part in the social life of his time. He has given us a moving portrait of a brilliant and courageous man with many talents and some faults, who has kept his torch burning brightly, sometimes fiercely, through all the decades of this century.

* *Why I am Not a Christian*, by Bertrand Russell (Simon and Schuster; $3.50).

The Mechanics of the Judicial Process

by Frederick Bernays Wiener

CONSIDERING the vast power of the Supreme Court to shape our institutions and our daily life—power sometimes wisely wielded, sometimes not—it may seem amazing that so little is known of the mechanics of its operations, even by lawyers and judges. We know that, once a case is put down for hearing there, it will be briefed, argued, and decided. (Just what cases will be heard is indicated in general terms only; in all but the clear-cut situations, even experienced practitioners can make only an educated guess; and, indeed, the Justices are frequently in published disagreement among themselves as to what cases they will hear.) Beyond these bare essentials, nothing has been known, apart from a smattering of professional gossip, only little of which is in print.

The Unpublished Opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis, by Alexander M. Bickel. (Harvard; $6).

Here, for the first time, we are given some insight into the actual mechanics of the ultimate American judicial process.

The previously unpublished Opinions printed here in full, and placed in their setting by Mr. Bickel's commentaries, are from the case files that Brandeis kept during most of his service on the Court. When he retired, in 1939, he delivered those files to Justice Frankfurter, who had joined him on the bench only two weeks previously. In 1954, Frankfurter placed them in the library of the Harvard Law School, and now his former law clerk has published them.

All eleven Opinions are fully finished, just as they were prepared for publication, and the fascinating feature of each is why it was not published. As Professor Paul Freund (once a law clerk

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of Justice Brandeis') says in his introduction,

> . . . when the events surrounding their preparation and withholding are reconstructed, they throw fresh light on the processes of collective decision-making in our highest Court.

In five of the cases in question, Brandeis' Opinion changed the result reached on the original vote; his analysis convinced others, and the final vote was in accord with his views, sometimes essentially on his grounds, sometimes on others. Brandeis' advocacy within the Court was thus significantly effective, the more surprisingly perhaps because of the marked difference between his own legal and constitutional outlook and that of most of his colleagues. Brandeis was perfectly willing to adopt the reasoning of earlier decisions with which he had disagreed in order to persuade the others that the immediate result for which they were voting was unsound. He was too able an advocate to make a frontal assault on established doctrine when there existed an opportunity, by flanking the obstacle, to carry a majority with him—or with his ideas. He looked to the future, and so had no pride of authorship. "They will take it from Taft but wouldn't take it from me," he once remarked. That was sufficient.

A clue to Brandeis' success within the Court was his complete devotion to the institution. Judge Learned Hand has elsewhere spoken of Justice Brandeis' "almost mystic reverence for the court, whose tradition seemed to him not only to consecrate its own members, but to impress its sacred mission upon all who shared in any measure in its work, even menially." Another clue was his faith in the process of persuasion. He used to tell young lawyers that "there isn't anything in this world that you can't explain to a jury; if you can't, it is your fault, not theirs."

He had no patience with decision by judicial fiat, and so he instinctively distrusted the Court's removal from its modest quarters in the Capitol to its present marble palace. As Paul Freund once remarked, "He could never quite reconcile himself to the grandeur of the Court's new edifice, lest the power of the Court might in some measure come to rest on the majesty of office rather than on the inward strength of the appeal to reason." The effect on the judicial process of the present housing of the court under one roof by comparison with the situation before 1935, when the Justices were scattered over the city of Washington and met only for open sessions and for conferences, has yet to be appraised; but that there has been an effect is almost certain.

ANOTHER aspect of these Opinions is the light they throw on the question of when to dissent, and when to withhold dissent. In recent years, there seems to have developed the cult of dissent, a beatification of the rejected view. It was Justice Jackson, in his posthumous book on the Court, who pointed out that

> . . . There is nothing good, for either the Court or the dissenter, in dissenting *per se*. Each dissenting opinion is a confession of failure to convince the writer's colleagues, and the true test of a judge is his influence in leading, not in opposing, his court.

Brandeis realized this, and, as some of the Opinions published here show, frequently withheld them when to dissent would accentuate and magnify the majority opinion with which he disagreed. Enough for him, who always took the long view, that the sting of the original majority draft had been drawn, so that it would not cause undue harm or difficulty in the future. And, on at least one occasion, a full dress dissenting Opinion in his file was reflected by a mere notation of dissent in the reports.

It is somewhat surprising, also, that so little in the cases collected in the present volume reflects the activity of counsel. Brandeis at the bar was a consummate advocate, who introduced techniques still in use, notably the so-called "Brandeis brief," where, in a due process case, he collected voluminous non-legal materials to demonstrate the reasonableness of the statute under attack, and hence its constitutionality. Such talent was—and is—unfortunately rare. "Since I've been on the Bench," Brandeis said in the summer of 1922, "only one labor case has been well argued—Hughes' argument on the first hearing of the *Coronado* case." Brandeis' law clerks were normally given the records and briefs, but Brandeis treated the briefs and arguments "as only a starting point for investigation." And Mr. Freund writes, "once when he was asked what sort of argument had been made to the Court by a county solicitor in an important case, the Justice answered drily, 'He seems to be a very *virtuous* man'." The same comment,

Autumn Nymphal

NEVER utter sober truth
When November dries the marsh,
Birds pipe single notes and youth
Tastes bitter and its weather harsh.

Do not speak of love where hollows
Fill with leaves whose shape is fear,
When the birches smoke and willows
Strike the posture of despair.

Touch me not. My blood like leaves
Seeks the season of the ground:
What have I to do with loves
And graces? See, the world comes round,

All's removal, time is distance,
Marsh-grass drying, failing sun:
Take your hand from me whose senses
Breed the hunter and his gun.

LOUIS O. COXE

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alas, can regularly be made concerning counsel far more highly placed.

Just before his death in 1954, Justice Jackson wrote:

> The Rooseveltian struggle with the Court did not impair the power [to hold unconstitutional and judicially unenforceable an act of the President, of Congress, or of a constituent state of the Federation], which is as positively asserted today as in pre-Roosevelt days. But neither did that struggle end the controversy over the proper use of the power, a controversy which lies just beneath the surface and is likely to break forth from time to time as long as the Republic shall last.

Current headlines attest the validity of his observation. For the first time in 20 years, the work of the Supreme Court has again become a matter of daily concern, of questioning doubt, and of bitter comment. The present volume makes it possible to understand, better than was ever before possible, the forces and methods within the Court that produce the decisions which make law for all of us.

Miss Narcissus

by Charles Curran

H. G. WELLS found a word for them. After one of his plunges into the stormy tea-cups of British Socialism, he reported on his return to the surface that the depths were full of gawdsakers — people who devoted themselves to clamoring that something ought to be done about it, for Gawdsake. This classification is of enduring importance to historians. It provides a key to many puzzles in British politics that perplex other countries. In particular, Britain's policy with respect to Hitler in the 1930's is inexplicable unless the activities of the gawdsakers are taken into account. Consequently, Miss Vera Brittain's new book is one that no historian of our times can afford to overlook. For Miss Brittain displays, with the rounded fullness of a three-dimensional model in front of a searchlight, the basic characteristics of the gawdsaker as they were seen in the 1930's.

Testament of Experience, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan; $5).

Gawdsaking is a political epiphenomenon. Like the shadow cast by a building, it exists as the reflection of something else—the something else being the power of Great Britain. During the 99 years from Waterloo to the battle of Mons, Britain towered over the rest of the world; and so did her gawdsakers. They disapproved of Britain's supremacy. They thought it was wrong, and shocking, and they said so. They did their utmost to discredit it, mock at it, undermine it. But at the same time they exploited it—like a man with a bookful of cheques signed by a millionaire —in order to indulge, and indeed to revel in, both of the cravings that mark the gawdsaker. These are the compulsive impulse to inspect what other people are doing, and then to tell them that doing it is bad for them.

AFTER the Waterloo peace, British gawdsakers began by lavishing advice, rebukes, denunciations and scoldings on their own governing class. Then they gradually worked outwards, seeking fresh worlds to canker. They ranged from Mr. Gladstone condemning the prisons of Naples to the liberals, the radicals, the Socialists and the ladies who urged Spaniards to read the English Bible, Arabs to be kind to camels, the inmates of harems to strike for the right to read House of Commons debates, and foreigners everywhere to wash behind their ears. By the time war came in 1914, the gawdsakers' shadow covered all Europe, and most of Africa and Asia as well. There were no reprisals. The Spaniards, the Arabs, and the other recipients of unwanted advice did not retaliate by sending missions of inquiry to England to investigate her prisons, or the treatment of horses in her pits, or even to persuade her lower classes to try milk instead of beer. It was a one-way traffic.

1914 ended Britain's supremacy. But the gawdsakers, while rejoicing in their

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country's gradual decline from her zenith, continued to satisfy their cravings in a world that was less and less inclined to tolerate meddling. How they did so is shown in detail in Miss Brittain's book. That is what gives it historical importance. For it is a clinical report, by an addict, on the ways in which those cravings were fed and nourished after the 1914 war.

Testament of Experience opens in 1925, with Miss Brittain walking down the steps of a London church after her wedding, and it ends in 1950 with her return from India to her husband's waiting arms. She describes, at length and microscopically, how she spent the years between. For her, they were one long curtain lecture, with hardly a pause for breath. She lectured unendingly — in books and newspaper articles, on public platforms, in leaflets and newsletters, from radio stations, across dinner-tables —to Americans, Germans, Danes, Dutchmen, Italians, Swedes, Swiss, Indians, Pakistani, and (in the interval) to the inhabitants of Great Britain. She scolded Churchill; she gave advice in private to Roosevelt; she warned Hitler; she counselled Nehru; she shook her finger at Franco, at Stalin, at Mussolini; and simultaneously she looked after her household affairs.

She relates all this in a narrative that is a unique compound of doom and domesticity. For as Miss Brittain surveys the world in flames, she sees pictures in the fire; pictures of herself writing books, receiving cheques, buttonholing statesmen, handing out advice like a universal aunt. She is Narcissus, Cassandra and Mrs. Caudle all in one. Her books are given parity of esteem with the bombs. She writes, for instance:

> Between the devastation of Hiroshima by the atom bomb and the two VJ days that celebrated victory over Japan, I learned what was happening to the English edition of *Account Rendered*. . . . The results were breath-taking, for Macmillan announced a prospective royalties cheque for over £5,000.

"A series of excited dreams," she goes on, "temporarily eclipsed the collapsing war."

BEHIND the tinkling lamps of her prose there gleams at intervals, like ectoplasm at a seance, the shadowy figure of her husband, a professor whom she calls G. Miss Brittain fought shoulder to shoulder with him when he ran for Parliament. But that was 1935; and freedom shrieked all over Europe as the professor fell. Miss Brittain's account of this calamity ends with "I am thankful to have my novel to turn back to." G. lived to fight another day. For in 1940, we are told, he served as "a foreign affairs adviser" to Mr. Wendell Willkie in the Presidential election campaign.

For the historian, the most significant part of this singular and revealing story is Miss Brittain's description of how she, in 1937, became a militant pacifist calling on Englishmen to refuse to fight. It contains the concentrated essence of gawdsaking. Her conversion to pacifism was the work of the late Canon H.R.L. Sheppard, a Church of England clergyman. The Canon chose to call himself Dick Sheppard (on the analogy, presumably, of Cardinals Jack Newman, Tommy Wolsey and Johnny Richelieu). By preaching—in 1937—that in no circumstances should any man in England take part in war, Canon Dick terrified Hitler and won a glorious victory over Winston Churchill in one blow. That year, when the undergraduates of Glasgow University voted for their Lord Rector, they chose Canon Dick and rejected Churchill by 538 to 281. Miss Brittain was not there; she was lecturing the Americans just then. But she writes that after hearing the result "throughout the journey to St. Louis where I cabled him [Sheppard], the heavy train seemed a celestial chariot wafted on air." For brevity, she omits the air temperature.

WHEN the war ended, Miss Brittain "said goodbye to frustration" and flew to Europe in order to see the sights and lecture the survivors. In Sweden she was glad to find that "the comfortable trains were warm and the views superb"; better still "fuel had been found for the stove which warmed my room against the October cold; over the fine bed-linen lay an exquisite pale blue satin eiderdown." After the eiderdown came yet another lecture tour inflicted on those gluttons for punishment the inhabitants of the United States; and later on a jaunt as a delegate to the Women's International League conference in Luxembourg ("we spent some agreeable evenings together at an open-air café. . . . At each dinner we shared a bottle of Moselle.")

Miss Brittain writes like a literary Nero, with a fountain-pen instead of a fiddle, as she recounts her trek from bomb to book publisher, from catastrophe to her country cottage. She blends apocalypse and prattle with a skill unmatched in literature since the gentleman in Dickens learned Chinese Metaphysics by studying each of them in the encyclopedia and then mixing them. *Testament of Experience* is likely to be the definitive textbook on the anatomy of gawdsaking.

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ART

Resurrection in Milwaukee

If Donne was right it works both ways: the continent is the less when the clod falls into the sea and also the continent gains when any man anywhere throws up a dyke and makes new land, be it only an acre. We may all rejoice in the recent reclamation project for art in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, home of the Braves and of beer, liberal enclave in McCarthyland.

The reclamation project involves a number of things: the hiring, two years ago, of a professional director, Edward H. Dwight, pupil and curator of the most brilliantly all-around museum man in the country, Philip R. Adams of Cincinnati; the successful running of a fund drive to put a long overdue bite on the city's industry; and, symbolic of the quieter changes thus made possible, the moving of the Milwaukee Art Institute into a lakefront war memorial building designed by Eero Saarinen.

The problem of architecture for art is a key one for both professions. Yet new art buildings are attempted so rarely compared to stores, factories and churches, that the body of examples is relatively slim. The wave of creative energy in institutionalizing art for medium-sized American towns covered roughly the 25 years before and the 25 years after the turn of the century. Throughout that period, architecture for most people meant either the faithful copying of antique glories or the pasting of antique fronts onto fairly utilitarian buildings. In art institutions there seemed every reason to plunge wholeheartedly into the past. The Columbus, Ohio, gallery, built in the twenties, was the last of the red hot palazzos. Since then functionalism has set in and, as it's been interpreted, it's not necessarily an unmixed blessing.

The Nelson gallery in Kansas City, built within 10 years of the Columbus palace, is a transition. The working parts are superb and they are covered all over with modified Roman-Egyptian icing. The Museum of Modern Art goes all the way. The space requirements for exhibiting a great number of paintings and sculptures dictate the look of the building. This sounds attractively honest and it is easy to dismiss as naïve the complaint that the concrete and glass rectangles could well be the home office of an insurance company. But there's point to the complaint. If it is wrong for a railroad station to look like a Roman bath, surely it is wrong for a museum to look like an office building. That the motives, from our point of view, are in one case honest and in the other dishonest is irrelevant. A piece of architecture is a fact and not subject to moral judgements.

Our old style architects, in their preoccupation with the past, had firm hold of one function that form should follow, the function of uplifting the human spirit through the disposition of space and mass. At their most honest that's what they tried for; at their best they succeeded. If, in many modern art museums burdened with the awkward space left by the old boys, form swallows function, that is partly because the changing exhibition was nowhere near the important function it is today.

In coping with that awkward space, museum directors have evolved a system of stage flats and movable walls coupled with sometimes dangerously extended extension cords for specific lighting. These expedients have been given substance and permanence in Saarinen's Milwaukee building. The main gallery is completely open and equipped with two dozen floor to ceiling panels which, tension supported and covered with the same neutral monk's cloth as the permanent walls, can shape the space any way the changing exhibitions demand. Strip electrical outlets all over the ceiling make the flexibility total.

Saarinen avoided one temptation of functionalism in the gallery. With modern lighting, most sunlight is simply a problem to be overcome. Total efficiency in looking at pictures might easily exclude daylight altogether. Happily the architect preserved Lake Michigan in the gallery. Two full length door-windows keep the lake in sight, but the proportions are such that it doesn't dominate and the glass doesn't seriously affect the wall space.

The building connects with two ground levels. The galleries are on and below the bottom level. The main floor of the building connects with a plaza and short bridge to downtown Milwaukee. That floor has a glass enclosed lobby and an open court. Two upper floors of classrooms and meeting halls are cantilevered up and out on piers, so that the whole central floor—on the same level as the city—is a visual link between the city and the lake.

The space that is the real charm of the lake provides the aesthetic of the building. There is no single elevation or angle of view that provides the inspiriting effect the building gives fully on a walk through it. Space flows all over the place. The initial impression of the cantilevered top stories is picked up and repeated everywhere: in two stairs in the court, one pure concrete in a balancing act, one a criss cross enclosed in glass and mounted on a pier in a pool; in outside stairs descending like slowed water over rocks; an interior stairs that don't quite meet their walls. There is a suggestion of Piranesi in all this, but unlike his space, you can't just look at it; you have to be involved.

The meeting rooms, of various sizes, are used by veterans and civic groups. While any dead soldier I knew would get a hell of a Mauldin laugh out of being remembered in a hall for Rotary luncheons, this is functional, too. In our society art's best hope is the conversion of the bourgeois. If he comes to the museum—even for lunch—instead of the museum's going to him in TV and picture magazine disguised as Art Is Fun and Art Is Folks, this is a big step on the right stair.

Frank Getlein

Notes on Contributors

R. A. Scott-James is a British man of letters. Frederick Bernays Wiener, a Washington lawyer, has argued many cases before the Supreme Court. Louis O. Coxe's most recent book is *The Second Man and other Poems*. Charles Curran is a commentator for *The Spectator* (London). Robert Fulford was formerly TV critic of *The Toronto Sunday Telegram*.

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MOVIES

Chaplin: A King in Decline

THE most astonishing of the many astonishing things in Charles Chaplin's new film, *A King in New York*—which has recently opened in London and which Chaplin may or may not permit to be shown in the US—is that it is a bad film from almost anyone's standpoint. It's true, of course, that even the most loyal Chaplin enthusiasts found *Limelight*, his last film, talky, and *Monsieur Verdoux*, his next-to-last film, sadistic and rather pointless. But in both of those films the characterizations were believable and the comedy, when it came, was hilarious. You might despise them if you went looking for the little tramp with the baggy pants. But if you looked only for good cinema you often found it. And in finding it you could convince yourself that Chaplin was still the master we have all known him to be.

A King in New York (Chaplin).

But *A King in New York*, on the other hand, is dismaying from any position you choose to take. If you look for comedy, it is almost entirely missing: and when it turns up it is usually inept. If you look for pathos, you look in vain: Chaplin tries for the pathetic a dozen times, but he never comes close. If you look for satire, you will be especially disappointed: Chaplin's powers in this field seem to have vanished without a trace. Finally, if you look for good filmmaking—new camera work, deft direction, good acting, sharp writing—you will discover that the greatest artist the movies ever produced has inexplicably abandoned his widely respected craftsmanship in favor of a sloppy, that's-good-enough approach.

At one point near the start of the film, Chaplin, as an impoverished, exiled king taking refuge in New York, goes with his Ambassador to a nightclub where the band plays so loudly that he cannot make the waiter hear him. To order caviar, he mimes a swimming sturgeon, a butcher's knife, the extraction of the eggs, and finally the eating. Then he conveys that he wants turtle soup by upending a plate on his hand, spreading his fingers, and walking his hand across the table. For about 90 seconds he is very funny. But that is the beginning and the end of the visible evidence of Chaplin's genius. For the rest, *A King in New York* grinds along with a plot that seems to have been invented in an idle half hour, a series of satires that show nothing except that Chaplin has been away from the United States for a long time, and a set of unreal characters.

THE PLOT shows no inventiveness. The little king is tricked into appearing on television by a humorless and altogether unlikely young beauty played by Dawn Addams. He is a success, and begins to pile up a small fortune by advertising products with names like Crown Whiskey. He goes so far as to have his face lifted to make himself a better performer, and the sequence occupied with this dreadful notion is perhaps the dullest and most tasteless Chaplin has ever filmed. When the operation is over, Chaplin looks like a bad actor made up for Frankenstein. So he gets his face returned to its former shape and delivers his promise that he will now leave it alone with the air of a man who is proving something. This scene occupies about 20 minutes on the screen. It seems like weeks.

Chaplin leads us clumsily towards the point of the film—McCarthyism—by introducing a repugnant little schoolboy, played by his son, Michael Chaplin. The king meets the boy during a visit to a progressive school, and the boy astonishes him by shouting bogus Marx at the top of his voice interminably. Later the boy's parents are subpoenaed by a Congressional committee. They admit to once being Communists, but they refuse to testify against their former associates. They are to be sent to prison, but the boy betrays the friends and thus secures his parents' release. At the end he is subdued and ashamed.

There might be something pathetic in this story—indeed, it could be quite telling—but as performed here it is without meaning of any kind. Michael Chaplin's performance is pathetically bad, but the lines written for him are so contrived as to preclude the possibility of reading them well. Whenever the boy is introduced the level of performance drops even below the amateur standard reached by Chaplin in his scenes with Miss Addams.

What is perhaps more distressing than anything else for a Chaplin enthusiast is the incredible inaccuracy of his satire. Rock 'n roll just doesn't sound the way his musicians play it; teenagers don't dance in the aisles at movie theatres anymore; television announcers don't talk like sports promoters; Congressmen don't, as a rule, look like gangsters; and members of the Atomic Energy Commission do not look like Colonel Blimps. The design of Chaplin's progressive school couldn't be farther from the truth; the layout of the television studio is entirely wrong. One of the many assets of the old Chaplin satire, it should be remembered, was the essential *rightness* of everything he did: it was right for the hero of *The Gold Rush* to eat his boots. But this time everything is just as wrong as it once was right. Compared with the piercing satire in a film like Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd*, Chaplin's slings and arrows seem like the rubber-tipped missiles of a college revue. They are, in fact, a telling lesson for the satirist: don't spend five years away from the thing satirized before you satirize it.

CHAPLIN, of course, has made the usual disclaimers. "This isn't a political film," he said at a press party in London recently. "It's about people, not politics." The statement is laughable to anyone who has seen the film. But if Chaplin is taken at his word, then the film is much worse than anyone has so far suggested. As a movie "about people," it is hardly better than endurable. The people—even the central figure played by Chaplin, incredible as this may seem—are wooden dummies speaking sour nothings "in aid of," as the English say, nothing at all.

Just twenty years ago, when Chaplin uttered his first words on the screen in *Modern Times*, the English critic James Agate wrote:

> Half the secret of that wistful tramp, that pilgrim of eternity in a finer sense than Byron ever knew, lies in the fact that he has walked the silent screen guessed at by all the world, yet never wholly revealed.

Agate was mainly writing about

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Chaplin's regrettable decision to speak But perhaps the same applies to Chaplin's equally regrettable tendency to assume that he can analyze and thus satirize the most delicate aspects of an increasingly complicated world. So long as Chaplin took black-and-white subjects (like the kind tramp versus the vicious millionaire in City Lights), his childlike, though never childish, approach invariably worked. And this same approach carried him through the best moments of *Monsieur Verdoux* and *Limelight*—it was only when he turned to a sort of half-baked philosophy that he began to bore his audience.

Now Chaplin has put that kind of comedy behind him. He is facing—as the little tramp always faced, and some of his subsequent heroes occasionally found themselves facing—a world that is too big and too confusing for him. The difference now is that it is the artist, and not the character, who is lost and helpless. The artist must command our sympathy in his dilemma, as the character once did. But, unlike the character, he cannot command our laughter. It is beginning to seem doubtful whether he will ever do that again.

ROBERT FULFORD

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

sion of Poland was *not* the result of the Nazi-Soviet pact, I say precisely why on the preceding page. I am rebuked for not making clear that the First Five Year Plan cost 5 to 10,000 lives. How many died Treadgold does not know, since nobody knows. The initial horrors of collectivization are discussed in full in the book, including the Ukraine famine, some of which I saw.

Treadgold's sneers ("half-truth and half-fantasy") at my treatment of Western attitudes toward Fascism in the 1930's, Western betrayal of the Spanish Republic, the productivity of the Soviet economy, and Stalin's admitted mistakes about the Chinese Revolution can only be deemed evidence of ignorance, not only of the documented facts as presented in this and my earlier books but of long-accepted matters of common knowledge among informed scholars. And my current position, as fully stated in the book, is precisely the opposite of "calling down a plague on both houses."

Treadgold's final blow, assailing me for "stale supersition," to the effect that I expect "the totalitarian state to wither away" is sheer obfuscation. No such expectation is expressed anywhere in the book. On the contrary the Communist doctrine of the withering away of the state is ridiculed. What is postulated is that Soviet society, now fully industrialized, urbanized, and educated, can no longer be governed by Stalinist terrorism and must inevitably be liberalized—a process already far advanced.

At great peril non-liberals are at liberty to assume, if they choose, that nothing changes in Russia; that Soviet deviltry is unmitigated and eternal; that Communism and Fascism are identical; that the Soviet economy is collapsing (so we have nothing to worry about); that Khrushchev is about to conquer the world (so let's get hysterical); that all politics are all black or all white and that anyone who says they are gray must be a Red: and that fervent faith in all manner of other nonsense will somehow save us from Anti-Christ. My book is a sober, factual, and documented analysis of the realities of Soviet developments and of East-West relations, pointing toward hopeful conclusions derived not from wishful thinking but from a reasoned evaluation of the record. Treadgold declares it "reminiscent of a mixed bag of Fascist and America-Firster aphorisms."

This, I submit, is unworthy of *The New Republic* and a disservice to its readers. Let us hope for more probity and a more informed brand of liberalism in issues to come.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass.

► *The Question of Population*

SIRS:

MR. JOHN RADER PLATT'S excursion into population planning—"The Delicate Question of Population" (*NR*, September 2, 1957), betrays all the earmarks of a narrow technician's point of view. Though he admits that it is a natural desire to have more children, he would repress this basic human drive for fullfillment merely, in the last analysis, for the sake of administrative convenience.

Mr. Platt presents to us the spectacle of our times: mindless technology with no final purpose either natural or supernatural. His thinking represents the ultimate in utilitarian moral bankruptcy.

Before Mr. Platt launches any more such sophomoric *1984*-science fiction excesses, let him read up on some humanists who have been in the business for a longer time then he, someone like Lewis Mumford, for example. It is frightening to think that the undigested views of an uneducated technician would be aired in the *New Republic*.

MATTHEW K. CLARKE

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a letter came last week...

Editor,

The New Republic

Washington, D. C.

I went to St. Luke's Hospital today to call on a very great man, one of the most distinguished authorities on the Old Testament in our times, the Very Reverend Hughell E. W. Fosbroke, Dean Emeritus of The General Theological Seminary and Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. I found this octogenarian sick and in much pain. When I asked him if there was anything at all I could do for him, his reply—faint-voiced but firm—was: "Get me The New Republic."

The Rev. Howard A. Johnson, D.D.
Canon Theologian

The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine

Dr. Johnson kindly allowed us to share this letter with you. Doesn't it suggest the appropriateness of sending THE NEW REPUBLIC *as your Christmas gift this year to those of your friends and family who appreciate intelligent discussion?*

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